

The Evening World

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FIRES DECREASE; FIREBUGS DISAPPEAR.

THE REPORT of the Fire Commissioner shows an interesting decrease in the number of fires since Jan. 1 as compared with the corresponding period of last year. In Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond there were but 484, against 804; in Brooklyn and Queens there were 346, against 487. The decrease is the more striking because for many years past there had been fairly steady annual increase.

The Commissioner concludes that the decrease is due to disclosures made by his marshals, to the arson exhibit and to the publicity given them by the press. This would carry with it the conviction that a very large percentage of the fires of recent years have been of incendiary origin; for if that were not so, it would be strange that the number should so surprisingly diminish as soon as the light was turned on.

Confirmatory evidence comes from the District-Attorney's office in the information that a good many persons suspected of having had dealings with the firebugs have disappeared. If these things have not the relations of cause and effect, the coincidence is wonderful. At any rate they throw such light on the subject that it is no longer so interesting to know what the insurance companies think about it or say about it, as it would be to know what they are going to do about it.

WOMAN AND HER WORKING DAY.

FROM DENVER comes a despatch saying "Colorado women are evading the law forbidding them to work more than eight hours a day by buying stock in the concerns that employ them." This probably means that the wages paid are so low that only by long hours of labor can the worker earn a sum sufficient for a livelihood. From the striking working girls in this city we are getting a good deal of illuminating information on such subjects. One girl, for example, has told how she earns from \$6 to \$7 a week making kimonos at four cents each. The process is simple. She makes an average of thirty of them a day, working from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. Another girl, a Jewess, wishes Sunday declared a working day, because being required to keep Saturday sacred she can work but five days a week and so earns only \$3.50.

All of which goes to show that the limitation of the hours of labor for woman has complicated her industrial problem instead of solving it. There is nothing local in the issue. The conditions of life in Colorado are about as different from those on the east side in New York as can well exist within the limits of civilization. But the results are virtually the same. Meantime it is worth noting one Italian girl says she wouldn't mind the long hours or the steady toll if only the managers would permit her to sing. It would seem that might be granted to anybody that can sing.

A COMMISSION ON STANDARD WATER.

THE FEDERAL Public Health Service having concluded that it cannot rightly enforce the regulations against impure drinking water on interstate railway trains and steamboats until it has fixed a standard of purity, has applied to Secretary McVeigh for assistance. The Secretary, in response, has appointed a commission of fifteen, all males, to make investigation, fix a standard and report.

The public will learn with gratification that only four of the commissioners have been chosen from Washington bureaucracy. What was done and left undone by bureau officials in deciding what is whiskey and what is beer filled the country with distrust and left it in confusion. There are probably not more than two men in ten among even habitual imbibers of good liquors that can recall what the governmental decision was in either case. It is clearly, therefore, an excellent thing to leave the aqueous issue to a set of men trained in universities and fitted to sample water with tastes formed at the Plerian spring instead of the muddy pools of politics.

It is to be noted, however, that not a single New York university is represented on the commission, although we have more water and more professors than any other city. Can it be that they don't mix?

A PLAIN DUTY TOWARD THE MEAT DUTY.

HEARINGS have begun before the Ways and Means Committee of the House on the question of duties on imported meat and cattle. Cattle men are already protesting that an abolition of the duties will ruin their industries. Workingmen have no lobby at the Capitol to make counter protests. Fortunately they need none. No pledge of the Democratic candidates in the last election was plainer or more emphatic than that of relieving the market basket of the people from the burden of unjust tariff taxation. A tax upon food is about the worst of all taxes. In this land of vast wealth there is absolutely no need of such a tax. The present duties are, therefore, as unnecessary as they are unjust. They yield the Government little or nothing. The Beef Trust is almost the sole beneficiary, for the cattle men get for their stock just about what the trust concedes. This particular feature of tariff reform, therefore, should not occupy the Ways and Means Committee for any great length of time. The shortest cut by which they can cut the duty out is the one to take.

Letters From the People

Motormen's Safeguards.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to Mr. C. Skerka's query in reference to a motorman becoming suddenly helpless while running one of our L. trains, I would say that trains in our great city (elevated and subway) are equipped with an automatic controller which in case of any accident such as the one mentioned automatically cuts the "off" position, thereby shutting off the power and stopping the train.

plying the brakes. I believe that the equipment of the New York City railroad is the best and one of the safest in the world.
A. R. E.

1. Nov. 24, 1900. 2. Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:

(1) In what year was the Pulitzer Building first opened? (2) Was it not the tallest building in New York when it was built?
ANDREW M. M.
East Orange, N. J.

New Subway Contract (By Maurice Ketten)



The Jarr Family Mr. Jarr Finds That Work Is No Man's Favorite Amusement.

anything but being a glazier with an expensive family and the wholesale glass company writing you letters that you ain't going to get no more glass on thirty days unless you close the old account.

"We all feel that way about our daily duties every once in a while. It's the inevitable revolution against one's occupation that obsesses the most optimistic of us ever and anon," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't talk like that big word seller Dinkston," snorted Mr. Slavinsky. "for it ain't anything like that at all. What it is is that a man gets doing the same kind of work all the time, day after day. Me, I could quit it right now. Glazing is a bum business."

"Popper!" called young Master Slavinsky.

And hurriedly gathering up some window glass and his working kit he trudged quickly away.

He had no sooner gone than young Mr. Sidney Slavinsky appeared. He was known to many frequenters of the picture shows as "Sidney Slavin, the Badlands Bronco Buster." He was faultlessly arrayed. One hand, however, hung in a silken sling.

"Pop ain't feeling well," remarked young Mr. Slavinsky. "I want him to quit work and buy a farm in Connecticut and take it easy. But to ask him to quit business is like asking him for his eye."

"Well, I was just complaining to me that he was tired of working at the glass-put-in business," said Mr. Jarr. "Him?" retorted young Mr. Slavinsky. "Why, he's as fond of putting in glass as if it was diamond setting. For goodness' sake here's the coupon. Now beat it!"

This last was addressed to the admiring younger brother, Izzy, who hung fawningly around.

"Your father is quite proud of you now," said Mr. Jarr. "He says you have been very good and very steady. That makes him very happy. I hope you haven't got in up your job, and hope you won't go back to the idling life of a cabaret singer and piano player."

"Not on your life," said the "Badlands Bronco Buster," as he gave Mr. Jarr a taste of his quality by rolling a cigarette with one hand, as he does in every moving picture, to unbounded applause. "I'm just holding out for my rights. Wait till the next release of the Gory Sculp Genuine Western Film is shown and I am seen on the screen. The exhibitors will hear someone from my following! And that someone will go right to Staten Island, where the Gory Sculp Brand of Genuine Western Pictures is made. They can't put it over on me. Why, in Lancaster, Pa., alone, they gave out 10,000 of my post card photos!"

"What happened?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"For he was greatly interested in stories of life on the plains, stirring tales of adventure on the wild frontiers, of bad men and rugged pioneers, of death shots, of honest hearts, of devoted, daring girls of the golden West. Who could tell such stories of vivid interest, stories of real life in the great West as could one of the most famous Western rangers that ever lassoed a locoosed mustang or made a dozen redskins bite the dust—Sidney Slavin, king of moving picture cowboys?"



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"WHAT is so RARE as a day in June?" Why, dearie, a marrying man, just turned thirty, with a good income and all his hair and illusions.

No woman is satisfied with herself nowadays unless she looks at least ten years her own junior.

There are more ways of killing a man's love than by strangling it to death, but that's the usual one.

No man regards himself as safe from women. He enjoys the excitement and danger of dodging and skimming through a love affair, without being grazed, too much ever to be willing to settle down to perfect safety.

No matter how many married men have tried to flirt with her, a girl will step cheerfully up to the altar in the firm belief that she has found the one perfect human being in trousers who never will look at another woman.

Alas, women wouldn't object to man's reviving the fashion of wearing sideboards—she wouldn't even object to his wearing a ring in the nose—if it wasn't that he is the only thing she has to kiss.

It is woman's whole mission in life to make a home out of a house, a husband out of a man and a fairy tale out of everyday matrimony.

When women begin to regard marriage as a partnership and not as a graft, men may begin to look forward to it as a privilege and not as a prison, a vacation instead of a visitation.

"Is it really lucky to have a black cat follow you?"
"It all depends on whether you're a man or a mouse."

Take care of a woman's vanity and her love will take care of itself.

Chats With Great Men of the Civil War

By Mrs. Gen. Pickett
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7.—JEFFERSON DAVIS.

On my way from Boston I stopped over in New York once when the ex-President of our Confederacy and Mrs. Davis were there on business connected with his book, and I went to see them.

"Mr. Davis," I said, "had I come from the South I should be a man with loving messages from your people. But even in abolition Boston you are held in high esteem as one sincere, honest and earnest."

"Yes," he said, "though we disagreed on many issues, I believe I held the respect of my fellow Senators from Massachusetts."

"But you were not a secessionist in the beginning, Mr. Davis, were you?"

"No, neither in the beginning nor in the ending," he smiled. "But to me the sovereignty of the State was paramount to the sovereignty of the Union. And I held my seat in the Senate until Mississippi seceded and called upon me to follow and defend her. Then I sorrowfully resigned the position in which my State had placed me and in which I could no longer represent her, and accepted the new work to which she called me."

"I was on my way to Montgomery when I received, much to my regret, the message that I had been elected provisional President of the Confederate States of America. I regretted it then and have regretted it ever since. For I was a soldier at heart, and though I was Secretary of War under President Pierce and left that office for a seat in the Senate, I was not a politician and had no desire for civil office. It was my hope and ambition to command the Confederate Army, and lead it in defense of the right of my home, my people, my beloved South."

"But Mrs. Davis saw in it the hand of God, especially as she did not like Howell Cobb of Georgia, who wanted the Presidency of the Confederacy. But he could not have been elected because he had antagonized the South by supporting Clay's compromise measure of 1850."

Knowing the gentle nature of Mr. Davis and his great desire in the beginning to prevent the war, there came to my thought a subject which had been much discussed by the Southern people. And I said:

"There was a consultation of the members of Pickett's Division in our tent on the Bermuda Hundred lines just after the conference at Fort Monroe."

"And they, perhaps, considered me to blame for the failure to secure peace," he interrupted sadly, the tone that sorrow had brought to him lingering like a minor strain in the music of his voice. "They censured me for not accepting an offer to overthrow the Southern Government, not realizing my helplessness. It was said that Mr. Lincoln submitted to his Cabinet a message which he had prepared for Congress and which provided for the payment to the South of four hundred millions of dollars for her slaves to end the war, but the Cabinet disagreed and that was the end of it."

"But had they approved and the offer been made it could have availed nothing so far as my action was concerned. Under the Constitution of the Confederacy I had no power to treat with the United States Government in any way except the one stated to my Commissioners. We were fighting for the sovereignty of the States, not for a centralized power vested in one man or one little group of men. However I may have longed for peace and for the comfort of my people, I had no more power to act in accordance with that desire without authority from the States than had the humblest soldier in our army."

The worn, feeble old man, broken by the weight of the sorrows which had fallen upon him, brought to me in his sad face and pathetic voice the memory of the suffering he had borne for the whole nation's errors.

"Mr. Davis," I asked, "is this story true? That when you were being taken to prison one of your soldiers, at the risk of his life, was running along by the side of your carriage to serve and do you honor as long a time as he could, and one of the Federal guard called out tauntingly, 'Well, Reb, you see we've got your President at last!' 'Yes,' replied the ragged, heart-broken, outraged Confederate, 'and the devil's got yours!' and that you leaned out of the carriage and said reproachfully, 'Oh, my man, 'ah! if his President had lived, yours would not now be where he is.'"

Mr. Davis looked steadily before him with a far away, reminiscent expression in his eyes as if recalling a scene from another life. And, lifting his beautiful hands in that graceful, gracious way in which I have seen them raised before a company of his own suffering soldiers in war times, he replied:

"These were not precisely my words, my friend. As well as I can remember now I said, 'Peace, my good man, peace. If his President were alive your President would not be where he is to-day, nor would his beloved Southland be in the condition in which it will now surely be without the guidance of that fearless, humane, gentle hand.'"

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